





ism is favorable, growth of anti-slavery is point.



ton—first, as recorded by themselves when in the body—and second, as written by them through mediumistic agency.



POETRY.

TO EVERY SOUTHERN LADY.  
Hearest thou no solemn murmur  
In thy deepest, secret heart,  
Whispering thee thy darker sister  
In thy nature bears her part?  
Seest thou not that light degrades her,  
Puts all womanhood to shame?  
If thy sister be a chattel,  
Thine own nature is the same.  
They are daughters of thy Father;  
Sisters, they, of Christ thy Lord:  
Mightier who, than God, their Father?  
Who makes void thy Master's word?  
Rouse thee, rouse thee, Southern Lady!  
Listen to that whispering sister,  
Pleading for thy outraged sisters—  
Make the 'better part' thy choice.  
Free them from their cruel bondage,  
Thou thyself wilt be more free;  
Raise the 'chattel' to a woman,  
Nearer angels thou wilt be.  
Tenterden, (England.) JANE ASHBY.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

From the Salem Observer.  
BY CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN.  
'Twas on a glorious summer eve,  
A lovely eve in June—  
Serenely from her home above  
Looked down the gentle moon—  
And lovingly she smiled on me,  
And softly touched the pain—  
The aching, heavy pain that lay  
Upon my heart and brain.  
And gently 'mid the murmuring leaves—  
Scarcely by the light wings stirred,  
Like spirit voices soft and clear,  
The night-wind's song was heard;  
In strains of music sweet and low  
It sang to me of Peace—  
It bade my weary, troubled soul  
Her sad complaining cease.  
For bitter thoughts had filled my breast,  
And sad, and sick at heart,  
I longed to lay me down and rest—  
From all the world apart.  
'Outcast, oppressed on earth,' I cried,  
'Oh, Father! take me home!  
Oh, take me to that peaceful land  
Beyond the moon-lit dome!  
'On such a night as this,' methought,  
'Angelic forms are near,  
In beauty unveiled to us,  
They hover in the air.  
Oh, mother, loved and lost!' I cried,  
Methinks thou'rt near me now,  
Methinks I feel thy cooling touch  
Upon my burning brow.  
Oh, guide and soothe thy sorrowing child—  
And if 'tis not his will  
That thou should'st take me home with thee,  
Protect and bless me still—  
For dark and drear had been my life,  
Without thy tender smile,  
Without a mother's loving care,  
Each sorrow to beguile.  
I ceased—'then o'er my senses stole  
A soothing, dreamy spell,  
And gently to my ear were borne  
The tones I loved so well—  
A sudden flood of light  
Filled all the dusky wood,  
And, clad in shining robes of white,  
My angel mother stood.  
She gently drew me to her side,  
She pressed her lips to mine,  
And softly said, 'Grieve not, my child,  
A mother's love is thine.  
I know the cruel wrongs that crush  
The young and ardent heart,  
But falter not, keep bravely on,  
And nobly bear thy part.  
For thee a brighter day is store,  
And every earnest soul  
That presses on, with purpose high,  
Shall gain the wished-for goal.  
And thou, beloved, faint not beneath  
The weary weight of care;  
Daily before my Father's throne  
I breathe for thee a prayer.  
I pray that pure and holy thoughts  
May bless and guard thy way—  
A noble and unselfish life,  
For thee, my child, I pray.  
She paused—and fondly bent on me  
One lingering look of love,  
Then softly said—and passed away—  
'Farewell! we'll meet above.'  
I woke, and still the silver moon  
In quiet beauty shone;  
And still I heard amid the leaves  
The night-wind's murmuring tone;  
But from my heart the weary pain  
Forevermore had flown—  
I knew a mother's prayer for me  
Was breathed before the throne.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams,  
When evening shades around us fall,  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love, and rest, and comfort all.  
When wearied with the toil of day,  
And strife for glory, gold or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way  
Where loving lips will quit our name,  
Around the light at home!  
When, through the dark and stormy night,  
The wayward wanderer homeward dies,  
How cheering is the twinkling light,  
Which through the forest gloom he spies!  
It is the light of home. He feels  
That loving hearts will greet him there,  
And safely through his bosom steals  
The joy and love that banish care  
Around the light at home.  
The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from yonder cottage door,  
The weary laborer to greet,  
When the rough toils of day are o'er!  
Sad is the soul that does not know  
The blessings that the beams impart,  
And lighten up the heaviest heart  
Around the light at home.

SLEEP.

Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low.  
With shield of proof shield me from out the press  
From those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;  
O, make in me those civil wars to cease:  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do'st.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;  
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;  
A rosy garland, and a weary head.  
And if those things, as being thee by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me  
Liveliest elsewhere Stellar's image see.  
—Sir Philip Sidney.

The Liberator.

LETTER FROM A LAYMAN

Over Eighty Years of Age, to a Student in a N. E. Theological Seminary.

MR. EDITOR:  
It does one good to come in contact with a very aged man, whose mind is comprehensive, yet acute; familiar with the profoundest questions of speculation; yet intensely practical; a friend of the slave, and an equal sympathizer with the human race; whose philanthropy is not a misguided enthusiasm, and whose principles of action and reform are based on the eternal truths of Revelation. Unsolicited by the writer of the letter from which the following are extracts, I send them to you for publication.  
P—, Vt., Jan., 1859.

"THE BUYER AND SELLER."

DEAR SIR:  
'He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death.' God has made man, and made him for himself. To Adam, God gave dominion over the brute creation, and to him he gave to eat of the fruits of the field. But where is the right of domination of the self-important, strutting slaveholder over his fellow, his equal? Rights of the 'buyer and seller'! Suppose you inherited a slave. Your father bought him in A. A. bought him of one who had captured him in the wilds of Africa. Now, you have the right of the robber, and that only. Will you try titles with God, the proprietor?

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S FULL OF GROWING WORDS.

Here stands the slaveholder, full of growing words, assuming the prerogatives of Jehovah. The duties which the slave owes to God and to man he disregards. He snaps asunder the dearest and most sacred ties of social life. All must be sacrificed to the will and pleasure of apostate man. The slaveholder is God's rival. There cannot be two supreme authorities in one kingdom. Are not the demands of slavery supreme? Does not the slaveholder withhold the Bible from the slave, to promote his selfish ends, by silencing the voice of conscience, and smothering that moral sentiment which God has implanted in the human soul?

GOD, THE SLAVE'S FATHER.

Christ, God manifest in the flesh, He will sympathize with the weeping captive. He will pity the beleaved mother, as, with agonies and yearnings unheeded and untold, she listens to the voice of the venter, saying—'One thousand dollars bid—once, twice, last time—a faithful servant, a good Christian' (Christ's image). Will humanity do this? Will Christianity? Will Christ approve of it? Though Revelation is replete with warning and instructions on this subject, we no more heed the lessons which God would teach us than did the children of Israel, who refused to hear him, and 'pulled away their shoulders, and stopped their ears, that they should not hear; yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts.'

THE DUTIES OF MINISTERS.

Will the Lord's ambassadors uphold slavery? They who are sent to preach the gospel, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, will they forbid men to be instructed and read the Bible, lest they should learn their rights and duties, and run away? 'The priest's lips shall keep knowledge, and they (the people) seek the law at his mouth. But ye are departed out of the way, ye have caused many to stumble at the law, and have been partial in the law'—(leaving out that which would dispense when faithfully preached). Again, the church of the living God is called the 'pillar and ground of the truth.' She holds this position only when engaged in maintaining the truths of Revelation. How important that doctrine be preached and understood, in order to apply and enforce the duties! How little is said of man's total depravity, and how little and poor a distinction is made between natural and moral ability, and how much of works by way of justification! What the sinner does by cooperation with the Holy Spirit in regeneration, while he is declared to be dead to all mortal action, acceptable to God. Such preaching robs Christ of his due, destroys the efficacy of his sufferings, his expiation is needless, and his death in vain. The song in heaven must be, instead of 'Grace, grace unto us,' 'Half to God and half to us.'

Yours, &c.,

WE publish the above by request, although its doctrinal points would seem to make it more appropriate for the columns of an avowedly orthodox religious journal than our own; but the theological student to whom it was addressed, acknowledges with feelings of mortification that he has not been able to procure its insertion in any such journal.—[Ed. Lib.]

CRIMINAL PAPERS—No. II.

BY CHARLES SPEAR.

THE GALLIOWS.

In my last, I alluded to the case of Jones, now under sentence of death in Springfield, and stated that the Governor and Council could not decide whether the culprit was sane enough to be hung. A similar case once occurred in South Carolina, with regard to the sanity of a man, in order to render him a fit subject for the gallows. It was finally decided, on the morning appointed for the execution, that the man was too sick to be hung! In the same communication from Charles Sumner for my *Prisoner's Friend*, he recommended that chloroform be administered to the criminal; and, surely, if the simple object was to get the criminal out of the world, the easiest and gentlest method should be employed. There is, too, some very ancient authority for giving an anodyne to criminals. It was practiced among the Jews, and had the sanction of the women of Jerusalem, as seen in the account of the crucifixion.

The great poet has hit off this whole matter most admirably in the play of 'Measure for Measure':—

Abhorson. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?  
Closen. Very ready, sir.  
Barnardine. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?  
Abhorson. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.  
Barnardine. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for it.  
Closen. O, the better, for he that drinks all night, and is hanged between the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Your friend talks with the condemned, and says—'The clouds, sir, the hangman; you must be good, sir, to rise and be put to death.'—Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards!

Really, what a farce is this whole matter of hanging! What a disgrace to humanity! The Commonwealth had better extricate itself from the whole dilemma by an entire abolition of the law. Already, Louisiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Rhode Island, have wiped from their statutes this odious law. I trust that another session of our Legislature will not pass, without seeing this truly Christian work accomplished.

'Take away the gibbet, towering overhead,  
Terror is not wanting, give us love instead!  
Scatter forth these thousands—what came they to see?  
God of sacred mercy! can such horrors be?  
Making murder holy with the light of day,  
Mocking earth's Creator by the foul display.  
Have raised the gibbet—O, for him who bled,  
Dash the fabric down, and raise the Cross instead.'

Within a few days, and since Mr. Spear's article was written, the Governor and Council have commuted the sentence of Jones to imprisonment for life, in close confinement.—[Ed. Lib.]

THE MOUNT VERNON PURCHASE.

[Boston correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.]

A happy New Year to you and to all your readers! And, especially, to all your subscribers! For, as Lord Byron well distinguished, a purchaser is still gentler than a reader, however gentle. I hope you have a better day, at least better walking, than we have here, inasmuch as the pagan custom of honoring the New Year prevails so much more among you than us. If the walking be no better with you than it is with us, I pity the plight of the many-splendored swains to have to pay their homage to their fair friends to-day, at the risk of forfeiting their acquaintance for the year. I trust that their toils and exposure will not be aggravated by the added horror of a Mount Vernon contribution-box presented at their breasts, and they bid to stand and thank, as I am recommended to do, some cold and unfeeling *The Tribune*. He must be one of those unaccountable monsters who have a general malice against the whole human family—women as well as men—to whom such a scheme could have occurred, one so ingeniously calculated to make the latter wretched, and the former frightful. Imagine a miserable youth, of large acquaintance and slender means, confronted by every one of his 'dear five hundred friends' with a demand for alms for Mr. John A. Washington! He would surely find them five hundred dear friends in a painful sense of the word. I think it would be a case in which a forced sufferer would be perfectly justified in providing himself with a good supply of counterfeit money to meet such a humbug demand. I never thought before of the legitimate uses of bogus bills—as every thing is said to have some proper use—but now I see that they are the prescribed currency in which such demands are to be made. As these in the behalf of the Mount Vernon slave-breeder should be satisfied. However, it cannot be that any of the fair Knickerbockers can be so beside themselves, so bereft of reason and self-respect, as to fall into the trap laid for them by the Misanthropist and Misogynist from whom this truly fiendish suggestion proceeded.

It is possible that Mr. Everett may succeed in helping the ladies who have undertaken to buy out Mr. John A. Washington at precisely forty times the value of the fifty acres he proposes to sell them, but I cannot think that his style of eulogy is the one that will put Washington any higher in the opinion of the world than he stood before. At least, it seems odd that he should think to elevate his hero by depreciating the other three great men of the eighteenth century. One would have thought that he would have made a greater use of his exalting the claims of his rivals for the admiration of mankind, and then showing he was head and shoulders above them. Not writing bad poetry like Frederick, not getting drunk like Peter, and not peccating like Marlborough, are excellent negative virtues, for what thought? Even Mr. Everett, I think, is not guilty of the absurdity of praising Washington with Frederick or Marlborough as to military genius, or with Peter for constructive and administrative genius, and those are the only points in which the world will compare them. He had military skill enough not to stand in the way of our national glory, but he was not a statesman; he was not a statesman; and after that was done, he had principle and common-sense enough to avoid breaking his head against a Yankee crowd and secede. His position in history is splendid enough, from its importance in connecting the two great periods of our nation's history, but it is not a position of glory; it is a position of gloom. Indeed, the tendency of such facts for posterity for glory in his behalf as Mr. Everett makes is to excite a keener scrutiny into the amount of funds actually on hand to satisfy them. And the result will necessarily be the striking of a balance which shall show him his due, and no more. Future ages and foreign nations will not forget, though Mr. Everett has remembered to do so, that the hero of the war for liberty was supported all the time he was fighting his battles by the forced labor of slaves. Posterity will make all due allowance for the fact that the man who was the champion of the North and the champion of the South, and that Mr. Everett contrasts him with; but, I imagine, it will think Washington's keeping back the hire of the laborers that reaped down his fields not much more creditable than Marlborough's keeping back their pay from his soldiers, and that this inconsistency of the man who was at least as great a slaveholder as the despots of Peter, and the bad verses and even the deism of Frederick. 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